133 But now a soft haze floated over stream and bush. To the right was the Ingi Sopi channel, dropping so sheer that not even an unloaded dugout could make its way up the rapids, not a single log of wood could be floated down. To the left was the Mamadam, a smoother, more rounded slope. It was up these falls that our boats would later be hauled.

501 484 Below us on the rocks our men were unloading the corials and carrying the provisions along the narrow trodden path to the topmost ledge of the falls, where the empty dugouts would be reloaded after they had been taken up through the streaming water.

133 Beyond lay the full stretch of the river. As far as the eye could see, there were none of the channels, none of the many islands which are met with everywhere on this river from its very headwaters to the reaches of the tidal belt near the coast. About us was a stillness which the very roar [136] of the water heightened. The parrots had long ago passed on in pairs. The butterflies would wait for the sun before they went winging from the east bank to the west. This was a moment of pure interlude. No sun, no breeze, no 000 sound, no glow. This was the moment before the fragmentary dawn would end, before the haze would lift, this the moment when night, having met day, as the Bush Negroes said, was disappearing from sight.

"It is fine here, ai!" Bayo called to us, as he walked on [482] with a large canister balanced on his head, making his way up the rocks with the sureness and ease of one who is strolling down a lane with the consciousness of a pleasant encounter at the next turning.

798 346 As soon as the mist had lifted, we walked up the rocks to the shrine. Facing us and the lower river, a tall, slender pole, weathered to a pale silver, stood higher than the roof of the shrine in front of which it was planted. At its top were the crude outlines of a head and, some three feet from its base, two side pieces were nailed to it and grounded at an angle to steady the image against the onrush of a sudden wind. A short distance from the pole was the shrine

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itself, an open shelter under a thatched roof resting on four posts. Inside it, upon the ground, lay a flat stone whitened with sacred clay, and on this a bottle stood. Directly behind the stone was the altar, a low table on which lay several egg-shaped pieces of the sacred pemba—the white clay—and some egg-shaped stones which had come from the bed of the river. A circle of iron, perhaps two fingers' breadth in thickness and having a diameter of ten or twelve inches, rested on the ground under the altar. A stick had been planted to face the thicket of wild pineapple that made a wall at the back, and from it hung a strip of white cotton for the ancestors. To the left of this was a simply carved stool, the tracery of its design become all but indistinguishable under the coat of white clay which covered it. Several bottles lay at the foot of this stool.

"Ya-hai, mati, you are praying to the Mother of the River. It is well," said Kasanya, as he came up to us with his pole-man and the men from Gankwe and interrupted our scrutiny of the shrine.

Followed by Sedefo and Asikanu, he entered the shrine, while the others stood with us outside the railing which connected at sides and back the posts upon which the roof rested. Kasanya called on the Sky God first. "*G'an gadu*," he began, "Mother of the River, Ancestors, grant that we travel safely. Grant that we bring the white man safely to the country of the Granman. Grant that the white man pay us well. I thank you."

As he finished, the listening men clapped their hands in unison, and spoke in chorus, "Great thanks!" Some distance away, down the slope which dropped to the river, was Bibifo, who wanted to be called Adrian. He did not come too near the shrine, but there he was, halfway up, with head bent, his lips moving as he muttered a prayer of his own.

Now Sedefo came forward, and Kasanya left the shrine and disappeared behind the pineapple bushes. When he came back he held leaves in his hand, which he said were sacred. He would crush them and put them in water dipped

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Shrine of the Apuku gods.

Kromanti Mama.

Village guardians.

[Facing P. 158]

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where, in the proper season, maripa nuts and rice were dried.

One quarter differed very little from another, except that in one there might grow the plant which yielded the red and black beans used for the sacred rattles, and for playing the game of adji, which entertained the spirit of the dead while the body lay in state. Instead of a house to the family gods, there might be found a mound of earth in front of one doorway, with an axe-head lying upon it as a shrine for a man's spirit, or a low forked stick sunk into the ground, holding a pot with water and weeds in it for the curing powers of its obia.

A village of any size had also a quarter in which stood the communal buildings. The council house which might also serve on occasion as the house for the dead was there. The menstrual house for the women, a small building which was recognized by a broken calabash, or a porcelain pot brought from the white man's city, lying outside the entrance, stood a little to the side. The Kromanti house, and perhaps an enclosed shelter for the bush gods who shared the shrine with the snake deities, was also located somewhere near the open communal shrine. A village wherein lived the clan head contained in addition a house for the ancestral spirits of the clan. This was called a *Fa'aka-pau wosu*, literally a flagpole house, a euphemism for the shrine to the ancestors for whom white cotton was put up on sticks. In this Fa'aka-pau wosu prayers were offered up for all the important ventures of the clan, and in time of stress a priest would come there with sacrifices, to bid one of the ancestors to enter his body and give him sight. When seizure came on, such a priest prophesied. Sometimes the ancestors were consulted in the same manner as that in which the will of the dead was ascertained. Men would take up a sacred plank and carry it in a state of possession; the elders would put questions to the ancestor who had been called. The answers were construed as favorable or unfavorable according to the way the plank tipped.

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342 643 uninhabited. Its posts and walls and thatch were in excellent condition, and there was not even the weather-beaten appearance about it of a house which had been closed for some time. Nor had it the kandu, the spiritual lock of unoccupied houses.

778 396 To one side of this house was the open shrine to the great gods, the pole to the Sky God, the smaller one with a checked tunic across the middle of it for the Earth Mother. But there was also a figure of wood with a broad white cloth hung from it like a flag, and this, the villagers said, was the image of the Granman's father. When the dead man's spirit came to the village, it was this image he animated. In times of need and on days fixed by ritual, it was to this image that prayers and food were brought.

Some distance from this shrine, standing close to the uncleared bush, was a house that had been deserted. Half of it the great bush had already reclaimed. The thatch of the roof and one entire side wall had altogether disappeared, and in place of these were garlands of leafy vines, so closely interwoven and so brilliantly green in the sun as to give to the asymmetrical mass of weathered grayish palm, and the strangling green, a strange beauty. Not quite two years ago it had been abandoned, and soon it would be completely lost to the bush.

But the villagers looked the other way when we photographed it.

A little to one side of the house with the doorposts which showed the Granman's crests was a smaller hut, before [789] whose door stretched a magic azang of palm fronds that marked it as a shrine.

[796] "This house is for the Apuku gods," said an old woman who heard our inquiry. "It belongs to me. It was built when my god told me to make it."

And without hesitation she led the way under the palm fronds through the opening.

This was the first time we had been permitted to enter a closed shrine. We had had descriptions of shrines from men with whom we had talked of the gods. There were some,

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they told us, though never willing to name the villages where they stood, whose walls were most elaborately ornamented with symbols marked in red and black and white, the three sacred colors which appeared on the stools and which the men used for painting their faces and bodies for the dances. On the upper river we had been told that these shrines were in the villages below, and on the lower river it was always intimated that it was up above where the great shrines stood. We had been told of stools which were whitened with sacred pemba, and blackened with soot in the *Fa'aka Pau* houses—the houses of the ancestral spirits—and of the covered whitened vessels which were in the Vodu and Apuku houses, the shrines for the bush and snake deities, placed there for the spirits when they chose to animate them.

So we found it in this house dedicated to the spirits of the bush.

The hut was narrow and long, with walls of woven palm, and a floor made of hard smooth clay into which bare feet had nevertheless worn grooves. To one side of the door stood a drum of the type called *tumao*—the long drum. It was cylindrical, and narrowed but slightly toward the bottom. White clay had once covered it, but now there were irregular lines of white marking the cracks in the wood.

On the other side of the door, against the same wall, lay several large balls of clay. These the old woman was keeping for the obia pots she would make from time to time. Among the Negroes of the town as well as in the bush, these black pots, made by women of the bush, were held to have great magical potency.

"I never make too many pots at once," the old woman said. "I make them for myself as I need them and for the young people of the family." A woman who had not passed her period of childbearing could not make them. "Obia pots are things for old, old women. I cannot tell you about making them."

Leaving these lumps of clay, the woman led us farther into the enclosure, until we stood in front of a raised altar

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of earth which filled the rest of the hut. In the left-hand corner was a covered whitened vessel for the god called Kentina Dagowe. This Kentina Dagowe was a deity who was the offspring of the Dagowe snake, and the Apuku god of the bush whose name was Kentina. In him, as in so many other of the spirits, we found exemplified the Bush Negro's concept of the world which held that the gods mated as did humans, that all which stirred and had life came into being by such matings.

Other spirits also came to this house, the woman went on. Mundewaya, another of the bush gods, was worshiped at the white-covered pot in the opposite corner, while beside it lay the vessel to which the spirit of a third might come. This one was the most powerful of all bush gods, and his name was Danhowao. There were other objects on the platform. Two stools, daubed with sacred clay, had their place there, and in the center was an image of wood, a rounded pot set on a base that tapered from the ground toward it, and this was to the Nanai, the ancestors.

The old woman said, "For the Apuku gods, we only play the tumao drum. The Apuku are mostly women's gods, but some men have them, and the men who have them play the drums. When the god comes to you, then if you are not too old you dance. But we old women do not dance. When the god comes to me, then I begin to shake. I go into this house on the day we call him, and they play the drum. Then I talk to the god. If I have something to beg of him for myself, or for someone else, then I put the pot which belongs to him on my head, and the drum calls him. When my body begins to shake, then it is the god. He has come, and when I speak it is not I but the god speaking."

From the clearing the talk of those who had remained outside came through the thin woven walls of the shrine. From one to another we could hear the news spread that in the village of the Granman across the river the gods had spoken for the whites.

In the hut, we listened to the old woman inside whose shrine we stood.

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"The openings in the wall there," she explained, when we asked her about the two squares cut into the wall behind the altar, "are for all things that fly. In this place they must come and go as they like. Bats come here, and insects of all kinds, and when they want to go back to the bush, they must be able to go as they like. That is the wish of the gods. So they told us long ago."

6

We were led from house to house. The gods had spoken. We were friends, and as friends who came not to harm, we were given the hospitality of friendship. There were other shrines, but we did not have to ask about them. They were pointed out to us with the other sights of the village.

The closed low hut near the Apuku shrine we had entered was to the river god Toné. It was a very small enclosure, and before it was a plant which covered the low entrance. It belonged, we were told, to an albino woman who was possessed by Toné. But she was not in the village now. Farther down the path was a larger house, another shrine. This had a piece of iron over the door and, when we asked about it, the girls who were following us ran, and the men merely said that it was the place of the Kromanti obia and passed on.

As we continued on our way, each woman was anxious not to have us slight the house her man had built her or fail to admire the carvings that were inserted into the weave of the palm walls. The huts were swept clean—the cleanliness of the entire village was even more striking than that of others we had visited—and but for a few stools, which were brought out for the strangers while they spoke with the old people who lived in the quarter, they were entirely bare. In every house, however, there was sure to be a shelf, large or small, or several shelves, on which stood prized food trays with carvings which covered both inner and outer surfaces. Combs and food stirrers were taken down and shown us, and the calabash dishes made by the women

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353 themselves, and the blade-like pieces of gourd which they
531 used for spoons, and which bore the same symbols as the
415 dishes.

"Our men make fine things here in the true, true
462 Saramacca," Dida said when we entered her quarter, and
531 sat in her house. "Look at the carvings I have."

Her body was still white with pemba. Her manner was still a little vague.

"Did you dance this morning?"

"Ai."

"We heard the agida drum play when we were in the
776 council house of the Granman."

787 "Ai, Kesekia is a big god. When he comes, his voice is strong."

But she showed no willingness to talk, and we could tell by the repeated twitching of her body that she had still to dance to her god. Leaving her we continued up the path toward houses we had not yet visited. The white man, with a man who was guiding him and the bassia from Asindopo Lantiwe, walked ahead, while the children crowded about the white woman who was giving them safety pins which they at once put in their hair.

"There is the Vodu house," said the man who acted as
778 guide, and he led the way through the low doorway into
346 the hut.

Inside, though smaller than the shrine to the gods of the bush, it differed from it but little. It had the same clay floor, the same raised altar on which stood stools washed in white clay, and several covered, whitened vessels, an image, and the round balls of clay.

"May I go closer and look at the image there?"

"Yes, go."

[352] The stools resembled those in ordinary use, but whatever design they may have had was obscured by the white clay which covered them. The vessels were not unlike those in
[415] the other shrine we had visited or those which rested on the heads of village gods which stood under low, roofed-over shelters on the main village paths. Turning, the white man

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stepped from the raised platform ready to leave, when he noticed a drum which stood in a corner near the door of the hut, and reached almost to the thatch.

We had seen many agida drums during our stay in the Saramacca country. Some of them had been half as tall as a man—a round hollowed trunk of a tree, with wooden pegs in the side on which the drumhead was fastened. The agida had no elaborate tuning device such as the other drums carried, and on it was neither the beautiful carving with which the apinti was decorated, nor the white pembadoti of the tumao. The agida was the deep bass voice of every trio of drums which played for the sacred dances, and whatever other rhythms were struck on it, its steady note set the beat about which the more incidental rhythms played. We had been told what seemed fabulous tales of the size of some of these agida drums, but not until we saw the drum which stood in the corner of this shrine to the snake gods did we realize how large they might be.

The white man glanced about him. The rest of the party had not yet caught up. In the dimness of the shrine there were only the three men. He stepped up to the enormous drum.

"May I tap it?" he asked.

Reaching up, his arm outstretched above his head, he stood on tip-toe before his fingers found the taut head and gently drummed a rhythm there.

"It is large. It must have a deep voice."

"It is a big drum. Would you like to hear it? The man who plays it is near by."

Now there were four in the hut. The drummer spoke.

"Do you want to hear the drum, white man? I will play it if you are not afraid. But if I play, I will call the god, and when I call him he will come. Shall I play the drum?"

The white man asked that the god be called.

The bassia beckoned to the white woman to come, and signed to the others to remain outside. Framed in the low doorway, shutting out the glare of the sun-swept clearing, were the crouching bodies of women and children who

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of the secret societies which flourish there is the Leopard Society, and this African feline is not very different from the one which gives its name to the Tigri obia. Other societies which chastise and protect have often been designated as "devil" societies.

Kromanti is feared, then, because of the kind of preventive it is. The man to whom this obia comes cannot be harmed by bullets shot from guns, by glass, by swords that cut, or by thorns which lacerate. Such a man is protected in combat from the weapons of his enemies and from thorny barricades that might be raised against his attack. It is protection for the warriors, and when it comes, the warriors who have the obia do not hesitate to test their immunity and to try that of others. A friendly, unassertive man seized by the Tiger Kromanti is in the grip of a power which transforms him into a tiger. When obia comes in the sacred dances, it is Kromanti obia. The Bush Negroes do not dance for the healing, protecting spirit that is obia in general. It is too remote. But when they dance and Kromanti comes, the women often flee, and the men who do not have Kromanti discreetly disappear. Only those who have Kromanti have nothing to fear from the attacks of their fellows, for they are protected by the power common to them all—the power of being unharmed by machetes or guns.

What is inside the Kromanti obia houses we cannot say, for we were never permitted to enter them. When we recognized their presence in villages we visited, the fact that they were Kromanti houses was acknowledged, but we were never allowed even to inspect the outside closely, and we were never accorded permission to photograph one of these shrines.

From our informants we learned that inside these houses there are paintings on the walls in black and red, the Kromanti colors, and in the white of the sacred pemba. There were, we were told, whitened benches that had about their tops the grass skirt of a kind worn by the obia man when he danced.

In the Kromanti house, too, was the Kromanti Mama. But until our friend brought us the one he had made for

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us, with its attendant bench and modeled snake, we had only heard the term.

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In the dim light of our oil lantern, we listened and wrote in our book, while our informant told us about the Kromanti Mama.

"You must take it down carefully," he said, "or it might harm you."

The figure on the top of the bench was named Agbo. This was the watchman, and to this figure came news of all impending evil. About the neck of the figure was a Kromanti fighting obia. A stout iron ring, with red and blue cloth tied about one-half of it, it rested near the base of the watchman.

The eyes of this watchman were its most arresting feature. They were represented by deep sockets, and the effect was heightened by the beak-like character of the nose. Two ears completed the head, and on the body breasts were modeled. It was the only piece of Bush Negro modeling we had ever seen. This most secret of art forms was evidently little practiced.

"The watchman sees all," said our informant, "the Kromanti Mama knows when there is something about that will harm. She tells the snake."

Coiled about its base, this snake was treated in the same realistic style. The head of the snake and its tail almost met at the side of the clay figure which it encircled.

"His name is Bimbawai," we were told.

The bench itself was not unlike the obia stools we had seen in the shrines of the gods. Its rectangular top, curving toward the center, was fastened to the two boards which formed the legs. Like other obia stools, it was difficult to tell whether, under the thick coating of white clay, the wood was carved or not. In one respect it differed from all others we had seen—the bench wore, fringe-like, a grass skirt of the kind worn by the *komfo*, the priests. This was suspended from the top of the bench, the cord going outside

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[For information on various types of buildings and other physical structures or facilities present in each of the Boni villages, see the village plans on pp. 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, and 76, category 116. Included are data on the occurrence of menstrual huts (munu), kitchens, granaries, and sundry other outbuildings, religious structures (gadu), mortuary sheds, boatbuilding yards, guest houses for visitors, wharfs, fraga tiki (i.e. lineage ancestor cult shrines and objects), and useful trees within the village area which are personally owned.]

/196 cont./

784 Odun's punishment is not regarded as immediate. It may be delayed for a certain number of years for reasons known to him alone, but it will necessarily take place.

683 783 Violence can be pardoned if the guilty one repents and makes an offering. The reparative offering (for example, if someone has threatened his adversary with a machete or has struck him to the point of making blood flow) is a demijohn of tafia or a certain quantity of tobacco leaves displayed in Odun's chapel.

754 784 But there is no pardon for the wisimã. Even if men pardon, Odun remains pitiless. Thus nobody can admit being guilty of wisi, for there is no possible reparation; besides, no one would dare beg for Odun's mercy on behalf of a wisimã, for this would be to associate oneself with him and expose oneself to being struck by the god in the same way.

[683] [766] The wisimã will be killed by Odun, and men will have to share in the punishing by refusing the body burial in the cemetery and by going to throw it in the bush. If they /197/ refused to obey this law, Odun would consider that they denied his doctrine and would strike them down either in person or by killing any member of the guilty lineage.

Thus, when in 1952 an old woman named A... of the Lapé lineage, who had settled in the Creole village Hermina, died, it appeared that she had wisi; but since she had been living among the Creoles, her near relatives did not dare intervene, and she was buried in the Hermina cemetery. Several [613] years passed without incident, then misfortunes cropped up; deaths which took place in the lineage, especially that of P... (1955) and T... (1957), and an accident that happened to a child in 1958, were recognized as punishments carried out by Odun upon the Lapé lineage.

• 346 The place of worship of Odun is a tiny chapel near the grand man's house. It contains only a post crudely carved in the shape of a bust, without any decoration.

787 /201 cont./
791 The elders then consulted the oracles and perceived that Mimi
796 was victim of an Ampuku named Maogan which for a very long
[613] time had been pursuing the Kotika lineage with its vengeance
[784] (kunu). In order to protect herself, she sought to have herself given a more powerful god, and she became the pupil of an obiaman specialist in the cult of the Papa gadu. In this way she
[782] had a Papa gadu named Ayaémé, divinity of beneficent character to which, in difficult cases, her family applies in order
[346] to obtain advice, protection, and remedies. She had a little hut built beside her house, where the god goes to rest when it has finished each of its trips to the country of men. Ayaémé
[784] imposed on Mimi its kina which concerns a fish. But even with all this she was not rid of her kunu of the Ampuku; and one day, something it had not yet done, the latter revealed itself in her
[784] and spoke through her mouth. It announced that it would con-
[782] tinue to exercise its kunu against the Kotika lineage. They appeased it by sacrifices of red cloth and beer; since then, it seems calm and in rather good humor. It comes into Mimi from time to time and speaks in Saramaka language. They are very afraid of it, but they do not hesitate to question it and ask it for
[784] remedies, which it sometimes indicates. It laid on Mimi three gadu kina concerning the acouchy, the agami, and the armadillo.

791 Organization of the cults of possession. Strictly speaking, no
787 religious brotherhoods exist in Boni country; there are only
794 teachers - bas(2) - who have received their power from another

2. It does not seem advisable to translate this word by "priest." In the minds of the Refugee Blacks, this is a matter of a teacher teaching pupils; they use the same word to designate a European or Creole schoolmaster.

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796 613 428 [787] Still, they assume that the gods that have entered a matrilineage tend to be transmitted within this group. If, for example, a woman is possessed by a Papa gadu, at her death she must bequeath it in the same way as her property, and she can bequeath it only to someone of her lineage.

We have seen in studying the transmission of the god of Kotoïda († 1956), that only the women of the Afi lineage to which she belonged could inherit.

796 613 784 Even if the god is not bequeathed, which sometimes happens, if it exercises the kunu, it will manifest itself sooner or later in a member of the lineage. But long years may pass before it shows itself. This conception is absolutely clear to the Refugee Blacks, and furthermore, if it did not exist, the idea of the kunu would be without support. People have therefore wrongly believed in a transmission of gods from father to son. [114] [428]

346 787 794 613 Material organization of cults. A material organization of the cults of possession exists within the limits of the localized lineage (lo). This organization is completely independent of the apprenticeship of these cults. It permits the members of the lineage to easily practice cults they have received anywhere, on their own responsiblity.

In each lo there exists in general one single chapel (obia ɔsu) for all the divinities of the same category.

For example in the Awara Bakka lo quarter in Asisi (140 persons), for about 15 women having a Papa gadu, there exists only a single one. There is an obia ɔsu for the Ampuku (three or four possessed persons) and another for the Kumɛ̃nti (about ten possessed people).

The chapel of the Papa gadu is placed under the responsibility of the head of the lo. On this subject it is to be noted that the individualized lineages Aw.B.3 and Afi, which however have separate gods, are included in this organization.

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346 794 787 613 The objects placed in these chapels are simply the clothing, beverage, and tools of the gods when they come to visit men; they correspond nearly to what the Refugee Blacks leave in a farming habitation where they go to work regularly. For [293] example, in the Papa gadu ɔsu of the Awara Bakka quarter of Asisi, which serves for about 15 gods, each one has a definite place on the shelves to lay out especially the scarf which serves it as a garment and a bottle of beer (a bottle is always kept in readiness by the bearer of the god) (1).

1. The Papa gadu do not like tafia. If the usual bearer of one of these gods has drunk tafia, it cannot come into him.

[534] They still stow the Papa dɔ̃ drum in this chapel. This drum, like the chapel itself, is believed to belong to the Papa gadu god which first came into a member of the lineage to exercise the kunu. In the example mentioned of the Awara [428] /206/ Bakka lo of Asisi, in 1957 it was the centenarian grandmother Kuluba who had borne this god since her youth, having herself received it, by several successive transmissions, from a distant ancestress.

[621] In villages like Boniville and Papaïston where fragments of lineage of entirely different origins coexist, each has its own organization.

For example in Boniville there is a Papa gadu ɔsu for the fragment of the Lapé lineage (it belongs to Térésa whose god exercises the kunu on this lineage). The fragment of the lineage has another.

In Papaïston the Toïna (Bakabuchi) lineage, reduced to half a dozen persons, has a Papa gadu ɔsu of its own.

/206 cont./
153 containing seeds). Sometimes, when a god has entered a pupil,
791 the teacher puts the latter's passivity to the test by insulting the
787 god with the help of the drum. The Kumẽnti gets angry, breaks
786 bottles and swallows ground glass, walks in the fire, hits him-
[789] self with machete blows, all without any wound resulting, they say, on the body of its bearer.

[302] These frenzied dances, whose participants completely covered with pɛmba (white clay) are as if hallucinated, have a bizarre aspect which is perceptible to some of the Boni themselves. They do not have any secret character and constitute,
[522] on the contrary, a fine spectacle for the village people. The spectators double up with laughter at the contortions and strange actions which the gods inspire in those possessed. They are
[521] talked about at length /207/ afterward in the evenings, humorists imitating what they saw done there, without any fear whatever of irritating the gods.

791 Each "teacher for Kumẽnti" owns a small gadu ɔsu in
787 which are lined up the implements of the cult. One finds in
346 general in these chapels a post crudely carved in the shape of a human bust, a block of stone, jaguar skulls, some kɔkɔti (shrub stalks with a spontaneous double bend, thought to be the prop of spirits in the bush), and a saka (maraka), the whole sprinkled with white clay (pɛmba). One finds also beside the door a seat and a trough which are used for the ablutions of the pupils.

153 While bathing his body with the infusion of leaves pre-
791 pared by the teacher, the neophyte repeats, in ordinary language,
787 a series of invocations: "Come to me, enter into me. But be-
788 fore entering into me, it is necessary to teach me the things of thy country; O God, when thou art in me, may I be able to dance on broken glass without its cutting me; may I be able to dance in fire without its burning me. If tomorrow someone takes a machete to hurt me, he shall not be able to come forward. If someone takes a gun to shoot me, (his weapon) must break, must not be able to take off. If someone is sick, make an ɔbia for him, he must recover."

/209 cont./

787 784 If someone has a Kumẽnti, certain objects used in the cult: pestle, mortar, machete, must not be raised near him. His gita "would rise" immediately. Likewise while he is eating, neither tiger nor gun must be mentioned. To prevent their gita from rising, those concerned may take the precaution of putting a small piece of wood behind the ear while they eat.

787 178 [771] [781] [484] [743] [755] These past years the cult of the Kumẽnti was clearly declining among the Boni, as was the whole of their religious life; every one, indeed, no longer thought about anything but earning money and was always traveling in order to do this, which made difficult the indispensable meetings and dances. On the other hand, cared for effectively when they are ill in the Maripasoula hospital, the Boni feel the cult of the Kumẽnti less necessary, of which the principal social function is to cure. So, while in 1948 we used to be present very often at manifestations of the gita of Kumẽnti, in 1952 they were becoming much rarer and more secret /modest/. They were tending to fall to the level of the latent manifestations of which we shall speak further on. In 1956 we did not observe in the course of the forest [346] work any spontaneous attack of this gita. The chapels dedicated to the Kumẽnti are scarcely maintained and are falling into ruins; such is the fate of the gods judged benevolent toward men. [751] Nevertheless people continue to lay great store by the ɔbia of Kumẽnti, especially the man nẽŋge ɔbia which protects against the machete and the gun, and the Kumẽnti bui, ring of Kumẽnti, instrument of divination.

776 [823] [787] The Būnsuŋki. The Būnsuŋki are gods which live in the waters, by preference at the head of falls, beside rocks bearing copses of detached trees; they can also reside ordinarily in these trees themselves. They appear sometimes in dreams to men as well as to women in the aspect of Indians, more commonly Indian women with long hair. This is why they are sometimes called wata Iŋgi, Indians of the water.